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# THEATRE ROYAL.

HULL.

Sole Lessee and Manager ..... Mr. F. B. CHATTERTON.



BOOK OF THE  
WORDS & SONGS  
OF  
PANTOMIME  
OF  
ROBINSON CRUSOE

OR,

Harlequin Hull Sailor Boy.

BY

C. MILLWARD, ESQ.

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Christmas Pantomime,  
**ROBINSON CRUSOE;**  
OR,  
**Harlequin Hull Sailor Boy.**

Written expressly for this Theatre. by C MILLWARD, Esq.,

Author of "Sinbad the Sailor," "Aladdin," &c.

The Music composed, selected and arranged by J. W. FIELDER; the Ballet Dances, & Groupings invented, arranged, & produced by MR JOSEPH MARSHALL, of the Princess s, London; the Unique and Magnificent Costumes by MR SAMUEL MAY, Bow Street, London, and MRS LAX, and Assistants; the Appointments, Masks, and Properties by MR HASSERT; the Lime Light and Gas Devices by MR WESTOBY; the Extensive and Complicated Machinery by MR B. BOLTON and MR J. SMITHERS; the Comic Scenes by MESSRS HARVEY & FRENCH, assisted by MR H. BOLENO, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane;

The New, Magnificent and Characteristic Scenery by the future Stansfield, R. H. HALLEY.

And the whole produced under the personal superintendence of MR F. VILLIERS.

Robinson Crusoe ..... Miss Cicely Nott  
[Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.]  
Friday..... Mr. Joseph Marshall  
[Royal Princesses Theatre, London.]  
Friday's Father ..... Mr. Ebross  
Will Atkins..... Mr. John Rouse  
[Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.]  
Jack Rattan ..... Mr. A. Lyle  
Old Mainbrace ..... Mr. E. B. Cross  
King Kickeraboo ..... Mr. Percival  
[Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.]  
Kanoodlum..... Mr. Rosiere  
Prince Tommy Dodd ..... Master Elgar  
Adventure ..... Miss Marie O'Berne  
Enterprise ..... Miss E. May  
Mischief ..... Mr. A. Dugarde  
Polly Mainbrace ..... Miss Edith Blande  
Statue of Memnon ..... Mr. Stoney  
Giant of Old Drury ..... Mr. Feipes  
Irish Giant, Mr. Mc.Rowdedow Parrot, Master Hunter  
Goat, Master Thomas      Monkey, Master Charles Harvey  
Cat, Master Adlard      Dog, Master William Harvey



# ROBINSON CRUSOE.

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## SCENE. 1—DREAMLAND.

Invisible Chorus. *Air—*

Once a year, once a year, Enterprise seeks,  
Council and wisdom from Memnon who speaks  
Only when warmed by the sun's golden rays,  
Or basking beneath the bright warmth of your praise,  
Or basking beneath the bright warmth of your praise.  
Enterprise! Enterprise! quickly from Dreamland fly,  
Soon shall adventure thy talents employ.

*The Spirit of Enterprise discovered.*

ENTERPRISE. Have you seen Chatterton? I fear there is  
No sign yet of his managerial phiz.  
He should be here in Dreamland at *this* time,  
When all are waiting for his Pantomime.  
He must be at his *wits end*, I'm afraid,  
I hope he'll make some *wit send aid*.  
He never sticks at trifles, but pursues  
His own wide course, when striving to amuse,  
For some months past, this good old town has had  
A touch of his fair skill—don't call it bad.  
He's sent you *stars*, attractions by the score,  
And means with your consent to send you more.  
What? still asleep! if that's his blissful cup,  
We'll try if Enterprise can wake him up.

CHORUS. *Air—*“Pollee Wollee Hama.”

Call he, bawl he, so high, we'll soon know why  
All here have “called” at break of day:  
Managers are so sly, oracles they now try,  
Dummies, Mummies, tell them what to play.

ENTERPRISE. Be silent all and don't disturb his thinking,  
He'll soon recover, see, he wakes, he's winking.

STATUE. They think I sleep whilst o'er my cares I brood,  
But I'm awake, though in an *un-happy* mood;  
Books, Authors, Artists, I've consulted trustingly,  
But all have turned against me most disgustingly.

ENTERPRISE. Our manager you know will not submit,  
To any scheme which does not prove “a hit.”

I'm here to aid you, so, wake up old beauty  
 All Hull expects that you will do your duty.  
 The public need excitement—

STATUE. Since the election,  
 One would have thought they'd want time for reflection.

ENTERPRISE. Help me at once good Oracle, I need  
 A subject for our Pantomime—

STATUE. Indeed.

ENTERPRISE. Where is our Author whilst his work is undone ?

STATUE. Revelling amidst the fogs and joys of London.

ENTERPRISE. Tell him to set to work this fog to clear,  
 That *summons* means, that *some'uns* coming here.

*Enter GIANT.*

STATUE. Pray, who are you ?

GIANT. A giant from old Drury,  
 The governor my boy is in a fury,  
 I'm sent to say, the Christmas piece old schemer,  
 Must not be trusted to a prosy dreamer.

ENTERPRISE. Stop! stop! my ponderous friend, you talk too big;  
 Old Memnon's classical !

GIANT. Don't care a fig.

ENTERPRISE. Another summons.

STATUE. Yes, and more defiant.

*IRISH GIANT appears.*

ENTERPRISE. That face! that form.

I. GIANT. I am the Irish Giant,  
 And troth I'm here to tell yez what I mane—  
 It's just to say och! wirra roo! spalpane!  
 Arrah-na pogue! ochone! be jabbers! roo!  
 Whack row! and *comme-il-faut* and phillelo!

*Spirit of Adventure suddenly appears.*

ADVENTURE. I am the Spirit of Adventure.

ENTERPRISE. Then  
 Is Enterprise, I feel, himself again.

STATUE. Our work is done. Adventure's in the field;  
 To him obedience we all must yield.

ADVENTURE. I've found a hero for you, one whose name  
 Will some respect from everybody claim.



ENTERPRISE. My mind's relieved, but first pray make it clear ;  
Shall we require the aid of these friends here.

ADVENTURE. Clear out, return to Drury whence you came from,  
Or else unto the place you take your name from.  
And you my noisy friend must also go,  
The Irish Question's settled long ago.

STATUE. A sudden inspiration now I feel  
The subject of our piece I can reveal. [*The Giants are expelled.*]

ADVENTURE. Pray don't, my presence here must show  
In what direction blows the wind.

*The Spirit of Mischief appears.*

MISCHIEF. Just so !  
I'm not invited here—of course not ! why  
Should I not have a finger in this pie.

ADVENTURE. Who cares for her ?

ENTERPRISE. Not I !

STATUE. Not I !

ADVENTURE. Nor I !

Mischief, you are defied, let all draw nigh,  
With Enterprise to aid us, we're all right ;  
So *Mischief* you're a nasty ugly fright.  
Our side's the strongest, we defy you, there !  
Just interfere with us ma'am, if you dare.

MISCHIEF. I'm snubbed and shunned, but soon I'll make 'em start,  
Mischief may yet their little subject thwart.

ENTERPRISE. Adventure speak, who is our hero ?

ADVENTURE Crusoe !

STATUE. Hurrah ! release me from my fix.

ENTERPRISE. I'll do so.

ADVENTURE. There's magic in the name, our childhood's pet,  
You see old subjects are not used up yet.

MISCHIEF. Don't try Defoe, or know, if so, I'll go  
And show, how slow, that story is.

STATUE. Just so.

I'll try it though. Adventure you'll assist,  
And Enterprise will other friends enlist.

ADVENTURE. I will attend your hero.

MISCHIEF. So will I,  
And therefore Master Crusoe mind your eye !

ENTERPRISE. Before we part, explain what you've been doing.

MISCHIEF. With pleasure ma'am, I'll tell you, I've been brewing.  
 Think of the luck I've had of late, and own  
 That Mischief has some tact in "brewing" shown.  
 With the New Year I introduced hard times,  
 And blighted with my frost your Pantomimes. )  
 To fill some homes with grief, and merchants vex,  
 I brewed a storm, and strewed your coasts with wrecks.  
 I raised uns emly squabbles in your town,  
 Made council, vestry, bench, press, knuckle down.  
 I turned the tap off at Springhead bubble  
 Without "rewarden," Warden for his trouble.  
 A royal prince your statue would have christened  
 Had he not to my blighting counsel listened.

ADVENTURE. His deputy, our Mayor, upset your spell.  
 You must admit his Worship did it well.

MISCHIEF. In strikes—locks-out—low wages and high prices,  
 In revolutions, earthquakes, storms, and crises,  
 In railway smashes, panics, frauds, and crashes,  
 Mischief, I think, has settled many hashes.  
 I brewed a storm about Reform, *that* business  
 Afflicted some enthusiasts with *dizziness*. )  
 If I obtain a vote for each who "axes"  
 You may be sure I take it out in taxes. )

ADVENTURE. All very well, ma'am, what you say is true,  
 This good old town owes all its ills to you;  
 Look at our *fish*, the town's most active trade:  
 A pretty kettle of it you have made.  
 Our railway Solons, working out your will,  
 Are striving might and main the trade to kill.  
 With labour, capital, and skill we try  
 The town's resources fully to employ:  
 We bring you treasures from the deep, depending  
 Upon the railway *some* assistance lending;  
 But they so many obstacles are throwing,  
 That soon the fish to Grimsby will be going.

MISCHIEF. I glory in the muddle they have made.  
 And laugh to find their railway spoiling trade

ENTERPRISE. You've had your "innings," now we'll have a shy,  
 So mischief you had better mind your eye.

ADVENTURE. The business now, and every success attend  
 The new adventures of a dear old friend.

ENTERPRISE. The sailor boy of Hull who on this river  
 First learned to say, "My timbers I will shiver."

ADVENTURE. The wreck, raft, island, how we loved them, and  
 Who *can* forget that footprint in the sand ;  
 Quit Dreamland, and at once your work begin,  
 Success is yours, if you will but go in. ↗

CHORUS. *Air*—" Pal o'mine."

Girls and boys, girls and boys,  
 See our Pantomime, see our Pantomime ;  
 If your wise, you'll find joys,  
 In our Pantomime, girls and boys.

## SCENE. 2.—SEAWEED GROTTTO.

### GRAND BALLET DIVERTISSEMENT.

*Enter* QUEEN SUBMARINA.

QUEEN. The presence of your sovereign you're forgetting,  
 Don't dance attendance ! stop this perouetting ;  
 Give me no caper sauce, be silent all,  
 Your Queen has not been asked here to a *bawl*,  
 Girls now a days, can sing, gossip, flirt,  
 Spend cash like Sultans, but care not to earn it.  
 And say while in expensive style they carry on  
 Three hundred pounds a year they cannot marry on ;  
 I'll teach you better manners, from to-day  
 Your Queen will have more work, and you, less play :  
 But here comes one who brings us work to do.

*Enter* ADVENTURE.

QUEEN. How is my boy ?

ADVENTURE. Tol-lol ! pray how are you ?

QUEEN. Pining for work.

ADVENTURE. You do not pine alone,  
 Hard times, I fear, have not for ever flown.  
 But don't repine, I bring you work, you'll lend  
 A willing hand to help a needy friend ?

QUEEN. With pleasure, Enterprise, through you may claim  
 Whatever boon or service, you may name.

ADVENTURE. Then help young Crusoe on his troubled way.

QUEEN. The perils of his life begin to-day.

ADVENTURE. When he embarks upon the troubled sea,  
 Adventure, too, must on the briny be.

QUEEN. Mischief has left our hero in sad plight.

ADVENTURE. Then let us hasten Queen and set him right.

QUEEN. His craft through Mischief's cunning will be wrecked.

ADVENTURE. But not his fortunes, if he's circumspect.

QUEEN. Adventure you're a brick, such pluck as yours,  
The safety of your protege secures,  
Command my aid whenever it is wanted.

ADVENTURE. Your gracious Majesty, I'm quite enchanted,  
Oblige me now, as Crusoe soon departs:  
By showing me the place from whence he starts.

QUEEN. Girls gather round. Adventure ;—nay no thanks,  
I'll now deposit you on Humber's banks.

*Air.*—"Ada with the golden hair."

QUEEN. Don't fash yourself about him,  
We can't do without him,  
Fortune shall not flout him,  
Some scenes he'll have to go through,  
His dangers you shall share.

ADVENTURE. It is the post, I pray for most,  
The youth impatient grows ;  
His sweet-heart frets, whilst ill besets,  
Crusoe she hopes will propose.

CHORUS. Oh ! yes we will gladly aid you, &c., &c.

## GRAND BALLET.

### SCENE 3.

*Enter* OLD MAINBRACE.

MAINBRACE. Where are those lazy lads ? In busy Hull  
Apprentice lads should not be slow or dull.  
Mine are too fond of play ; they soon will find  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.  
Our port will soon become a bustling place,  
We'll have no idlers here, if that's the case.  
Again I ask where are they ? Here comes Will,  
Observe how promptly I will meet that bill.

*Enter* WILL ATKINS and his Companions.

ATKINS. Oh ! my poor back ! look out ! oh ! please don't whack us,  
I smoke *returns*, if you are thus to *back* us.  
We are not slaves, but can play when we like  
Hereditary bondsmen let us strike.

MAIN. As striking is the fashion now, here goes :

ATKINS. Hereditary bondsmen these are blows!  
 Is this the land of freedom poets paint.  
 Hereditary bondsmen, no it aint!  
 If we shirk work and spend our time in play,  
 Our grinding tyrants stop it from our pay.  
 Shall we stand this? Shall we be treated so.  
 Hereditary bondsmen, I say no.  
 My motto's this, "All play—no work—more grub,"  
 Hereditary bondsmen, there's the rub.  
 For menial toil, I feel my soul's too great,  
 I'll be a patriot; Yes—I'll agitate,  
 And then, when power is mine, let all look out—  
 Let everybody mind what they are about.  
 Miss Poly's long account of slight I'll close, if,  
 To my next offer, she says, "Not for Joseph."  
 My hated rival Crusoe's goose is cooked,  
 I've set the press gang on, and he is booked.

*Air—"Immensekoff."*

My working friends, the tyrant who  
 Excites us to rebel  
 Must be a grinding "ortocrat,"  
 A regular hupper swell.  
 Hereditary bondsmen, shall  
 Our rights be thus put off?  
 Be men my boys, and let us strike  
 And be Immensekoff.  
 Immensekoff, Immensekoff,  
 Our coats no more for labour doff;  
 All lowly notions we will sink,  
 And be Immensekoff.

ALL REPEAT CHORUS.

Hereditary coves why should  
 We bend to honest toil,  
 And get more kicks than ha'pence from  
 The chaps who bag the spoil?  
 I am a "hagitator" and  
 At all above me scoff;  
 Let's level all distinctions, and  
 Become Immensekoff.

ALL REPEAT CHORUS.

## SCENE 4.—KINGSTON-UPON-HULL, 1659.

*Enter* ROBINSON CRUSOE.*Air*—"Pretty Jane."

I'm here again, I'm here again,  
 And now there's no one nigh;  
 I meet her here each evening,  
 To make love on the sly.

The evening's waining fast, my love,  
 And morn will soon be here,  
 The summer nights are cold, my love,  
 The days are damp and drear.

CRUSOE. Come forth my chickabiddy to your poppet,  
 I'll raise my voice; on second thoughts I'll drop it.)  
 Oh! Polly, love, your Robinson now waits,  
 And standing in the cold is a thing I hates.

*Enter* POLLY.

CRUSOE. Beloved of my soul, as poets write,  
 Are you prepared to run away to night,  
 Your crusty daddy won't consent. My queen  
 What say you to a trip to Gretna Green?

POLLY. Elope to Gretna, and with you my Crusoe,  
 Upon my life, my love, I think I'll do so.)

CRUSOE. Pack up the spoons and plate.

POLLY. My parent plunder!

CRUSOE. I don't mean that. Confound the stupid blunder—  
 Your clothes and things, dear Pa, I wouldn't injure,  
 And meet me in our fair land of "Green Ginger."

POLLY. Ere *cock-crow* from this much loved place we'll clear,  
 When we have had a *chaunt*, -I-clear from here.

*Air*—"I'll meet thee at the lane." Published by Hopwood & Crew.

CRUSOE. Will you meet me dear again  
 When the clock strikes nine,  
 And pray don't keep me waiting,  
 The night ain't fine.  
 My head with ache is reeling,  
 My cough is far from healing,  
 Through sneezing, love, so badly  
 I talk through my nose.  
 Till evening I'll be sleepin',  
 And flannel wrap my feet in



Until the hour of meetin'  
 I'll nap the time away.  
 BOTH. I'll meet thee dear again  
 When the clock strikes nine,  
 And { pray don't } keep { me } waiting,  
       { will not } { thee }  
 The night aint fine ;  
 My | head with ache is reeling,  
 His |  
 My } cough is far from healing,  
 His }  
 Through sneezing, love, so badly,  
 I talk } through { my } nose.  
 He talks } { his }

POLLY. I'll meet thee dear again,  
 Though it's all moonshine,  
 There is no train from Gretna,  
 So late as nine ;  
 But the notion is so clever,  
 I surely will endeavour  
 To think that we are never  
 In love to be foes ;  
 To thee I don't mind telling  
 How is now dispelling,  
 The fear that you were selling  
 Your happy Yorkshire rose.

BOTH REPEAT AS BEFORE.

MAINBRACE, ATKINS *and his companions enter.*

MAIN. Fire ! murder ! thieves ! secure him, hold him tight.  
 ATKINS. Hereditary bondsmen, he can fight.  
 CRUSOE. I love the girl and she loves me, you know it.  
 ATKINS. To that insinuation, I say, blow it.  
 The press gang's coming for you, if you please,  
 Although on *land*, you'll find them on the *seize*.

*Enter JACK RATTAN and Sailors.*

POLLY. The press gang here. They'll make my love a *sailor*,  
 And in his absence, I shall be a *wailer*.  
 I'll follow him, my change of dress shall blind him,  
 I will not be the girl he left behind him.

[GOES OFF.]

ATKINS. The deed was mine. I think it very jolly,  
 What right had he to rob me of my Polly,

RATTAN. Belay there ! just put the helm aport ! make fast  
Shiver my timbers ! starboard there, avast !  
Haul taut the bowline ! heave ahead ! let go  
And clear the deck for action ! Yes', heave oh !  
Which is the younker who's to join our crew.

ATKINS. You'll find that he's the *younger* of the two.

RATTAN. You sold your mate, we'll press you as well.

ATKINS. Hereditary bondsmen, here's a "sell."  
Oh ! please sir, let me go and tell my mther.

CRUSOE. Let me get at him. No ! my rage I'll smother  
Oh ! Polly—Polly ! torn from you, I cry,  
Your love's *assured*, and that's my *Polly*—*sigh*.  
Now I'll be plucky, in my fate have trust,  
For after all you know, what must be, *must*.

ATKINS. Take him, and let me go, you'll have the best man,  
One Volunteer is worth a dozen pressed men.

RATTAN. Belay you lubber ! lad you'll join our crew,  
And now my plucky fellow—who are you ?

CRUSOE. Why what a simple Jack tar you must be,  
To make such an enquiry *here* from *me*.  
*My* name is *Crusoe*, I'm the young man who  
Has many strange adventures to go through.

*Air*.—"Champagne Charley."

( You must have heard of me before,  
I'm not unknown to fame ;  
O'er my adventures, children pore,  
And school-boys bless my name,  
I fill their young hearts with desire,  
For fame like mine—although  
I'm but a fiction, all admire  
The deeds of bold Crusoe.  
Oh ! Robinson Crusoe is my name,  
Shipwreck and danger is my game ;  
The pluckiest hero for girls and boys,  
Foremost amongst our childhood's joys.

CHORUS. Oh ! Robinson Crusoe is his name, &c., &c. )

*POLLY appears as a Sailor Boy.*

POLLY. I'm off at once to join my handsome spark,  
Shiver my timbers ! here's a precious lark.  
They must not know me, I'm convinced I look  
Just like a miniature of T. P. Cooke :



Prepared to crack a skull, or crack a joke,  
 Or dance a hornpipe, like a "Heart of Oak ;  
 To lend a hand to virtue in distress,  
 To shout aye, *aye*, instead of saying, *yes* ;  
 In short, to be the model sort of tar,  
 That sailors—on the stage—so often are.

RATTAN. Belay there ! that's a tight young spark ! where go you.

POLLY. To join your ship.

RATTAN. What can you do ?

POLLY. I'll show you. (DANCES A SAILOR'S HORNPIPE.)

RATTAN. Haul in the slack ! pay out ! let go the bouy !  
 Reef the fore top sails ! larboard watch, ahoy.

CRUSOE. Which means in his sea lingo, he can't stay,  
 As our fine ship must soon be under weigh ;  
 (My way to fame I see—here goes for glory,  
 Crusoe, you're now the hero of a story.  
 Good bye my friends. Oh ! Polly love adieu,  
 I swear by this half sixpence to be true. )

[ALL GO OFF.]

ATKINS. (We all believed while Britain ruled the waves,  
 Britannia's children never would be slaves ;  
 But that's all moonshine, I a freeman born,  
 Am now by tyrants from my home thus torn.  
 Oh ! England, England, home of rates and taxes,  
 To be revenged for this, is all I axes.  
 On board that ship, this patriot means to try,  
 Against the ruling powers to have a shy.  
 From thence, when I my own canoe can paddle,  
 Hereditary bondsmen, I'll skeedaddle. )

## SCENE 5.—THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

*The Spirits of ADVENTURE, ENTERPRISE and MISCHIEF suddenly appear.*

ADVENTURE. This precious breeze is one of yours.

MISCHIEF. I know it.

There always is a breeze when I say "blow it."

ADVENTURE. You've wrecked the ship,

MISCHIEF. Yes, that's a tidy brew,

ADVENTURE. And raised a mutiny amongst the crew.

MISCHIEF. I've prompted Atkins, I'm his patron now,  
To strand the vessel and kick up a row.  
Crusoe is left on board—

ADVENTURE. But not to drown,  
The ship as you will see, is not gone down ;  
Thanks to Adventure, Crusoe still survives.

MISCHIEF. None but a cat could have so many lives.

ADVENTURE. Behold his raft, upon those slender planks,  
He soon will try a run upon these banks.

MISCHIEF. Confound the fellow, I must get away,  
Adventure has the best of it to-day ;  
Atkins must be informed of this mishap,  
I'll seek that sad and discontented chap.

[DISAPPEARS.]

SONG.—“ Beauty's Dream.” *Arditi.*

*Enter KING KICKERABCO on Donkey—followed by the Indians.*

SONG. *Air*—“ King of the Cannibal Islands.”

KING.

Dis nigger am a mighty chap,  
Him at the world him fingers snap,  
For nobody him care a rap :  
Dis King of the Carribee Islands.  
Him foes in limbo, him can pop,  
And make 'em long time in dere stop,  
Until him want a steak or chop,  
Den off der heads go with a flop ;  
And if dem friends would get 'em back,  
Dis nigger they would have to whack,  
But first they'll have to catch dis black,  
Who's King of the Carribee Islands. )

KING.

You black and discontented chaps, how now,  
For what de debbil 'um kick up dis row ;  
Speak slaves—dis child am not disposed to bear,  
*Affront* from you, although a *front* him wear.  
Don't get him choler up. Ah ! who was dat,  
Your King ab got him monkey up—that's flat.  
We're hard up, am any nigger willing  
To lend him *sovereign*, *sixpence*, or a *shilling*,  
By jingo is it so ? and no exchequer,  
How can a King dat's poor, keep up him pecker.  
Dis child am better now—when in de dumps,  
Him always take it out in kicks and thumps.  
Our piccaniny absent ! dat looks odd.  
He comes ! our royal heir Prince Tommy Dodd.

*Enter PRINCE TOMMY DODD.*

PRINCE. Four hours have I been banjoing, but not  
A single copper so far have I got.  
Who'd be an artist, when the public say,  
We don't want any music—go away.

KING. Did 'em say dat to *you*.

PRINCE. Yes, and kicked me too.  
Are we base slaves? if so—freedom adoo.

KING. For dis we'll have their *blu-ud*, thus we'll swear it,  
Now, what about our dinner? quick, prepare it.

*Air.*—"Camptown Races."

PRINCE. I went out at the break of day.

KING. Doodah! doodah!

PRINCE. I stuck in the mud and lost my way.

KING. Doodah! doodah!

PRINCE. The mud jump up and hit him splash.

KING. Doodah! doodah!

PRINCE. Then dis nigger go home, him face to wash.

KING. Doodah! doodah! day.

And they scrub away all night,

And rub away all day,

Till they almost wash dis nigger white

And the mud all fly away.

CHORUS—And they scrub away all night, &c.

KING. That sound means dat our dinner comes; that's pleasant,  
So we'll postpone our dancing for the present.  
( Bring in our "wittles," we're faint through waiting,  
Our captives now, shall find us *captiv-ating*,  
Real natives all, and taken from our shore,  
We'll now regale on half-a score.  
Take 'em, and cook'm! stay! these tricks we're up to,  
Where is the tender one, on him we'll sup to.

FRIDAY is brought on.

Hold him and keep him down, but don't illuse him,  
Him won't eat tender if you kick and bruise him.

*Enter KANOODLUM.*

Ah! you white-faced nigger! why our meal thus stay?

What for your wool stick up in dat strange way?

What dis? they come for! oh! dis all flam,

For such dispatches him don't care a ——— )

( Let 'em come on, we won't be beaten by 'em,

We'll run away first—yes— and so defy 'em. )

PRINCE. Dis-coloured party feels that he must speak,  
I have'nt tasted "wittles" for a week.

*The Spirit of ADVENTURE appears.*

ADVENTURE. I ask you to relieve your captives there ;  
Should you refuse to listen to persuasion,  
We'll try a stronger argument—invasion.

KING. Lay hold of him.

[ADVENTURE DISAPPEARS.]

KING. Bake, burn and roast the lot,  
At once let every slave have it hot ;  
Dey shall not make us pale, or courage lack,  
At least we'll try some *varnish* on our *black*.

*Report of guns heard. Friday escapes.*

KING. Knaves ! lily livered curs ! get up I say,  
The plump and well-fed niggers run away,  
To horse ! to donkey ! oh ! with rage I'm busting,

PRINCE. To lose one's dinner thus is most disgusting.

*All join in the pursuit of Friday.*

*Enter CRUSOE.*

CRUSOE. The way to fame I find is somewhat rough,  
I've almost had of that same way enough.  
Shipwrecked though my hard-hearted shipmates craft,  
And forced to learn my *craft* upon a *raft*,  
I'm now *be-raft* of all that makes life pleasant,  
And all alone I find myself at present.  
Oh ! dear old Hull ! sweet Polly ! country dear,  
There's little chance of seeing you, I fear ;

*Air*—"Sweet flower, emblem of purity."

This hour into futurity.

Oh ! how I long to have a good stare,

If dreams could but restore me

Soon I would slumber away all my care ;

From my sweetheart no more would I part,

Had I riches to gain us repose.

From the cries of each dun, I no longer would run,

No care then which way the wind blows, oh !

CRUSOE. But stop ! a dog I've saved alive and hark,  
He's lost his *ship* but hasn't lost his *bark*.

*Dog crouches at Crusoe's feet.*

My *canine* friend, faithful, be trusty, true  
And then my dog, I'll not be *canine* you.

The few things I have saved are wet, 'cos why,  
'Twas quite impossible to keep 'em dry.

*The Indians are heard in the distance. Crusoe and dog hide themselves.*

FRIDAY appears, followed by KING KICKERABOO, PRINCE TOMMY DODD  
and the Indians.

CRUSOE. A nigger hunt ! that black can use his feet.  
Though not a *sailor*, or hails from the *fleet* ;  
Hallo ! he doubles on them : this won't do.  
What's fun for one, may be poor sport for two.  
That shot has sent them flying helter, skelter,  
And now the runaway flies here for shelter.

*Enter FRIDAY.*

CRUSOE. He talks just like a book, and I can read him ;  
Begg that I will take him home with me and feed him.  
First I must find a home, likewise the grub :  
But where can they be found ? ah, there's the rub.  
Come this looks well, he'll find himself that's clear,  
So I don't mind for wages, nought a year,  
You are engaged, and now just state your case,  
You've brought a character from your last place ?  
Well never mind, you'll sow, wash, mend, and cook,  
And after all domestic matters look,  
Take in the cat's meat, wash and comb the dog,  
And willingly on all my errands jog.  
No Sunday out you'll ask for, that's right,  
And followers and cousins don't invite.  
You'll do, my household you at once may join,  
You've got a place, well now look after mine.  
But first as you've no name, I'll find one, "Tidy,"  
No that's too neat, suppose we name you Friday.

*CRUSOE goes off followed by FRIDAY and DOG.*

*Enter ATKINS.*

ATKINS. If this is liberty, I'd rather be  
Where I would be more welcome and less free,  
The ship is swamped and Crusoe left to drown,  
He's *mute-in-there*, and I'm a *mute-in-here*,  
Here comes my mates, all shaking in their shoes,  
Those valliant *whites* like me have got the *blues*,  
Bring in the fellows who would not revolt,  
I'll sell the lot of 'em and make a bolt.

*Mutineers enter with POLLY and RATTAN as prisoners.*



POLLY. Dolt ! idiot ! stupid donkey.

ATKINS. Come I say.

POLLY. Our captain's luckily just got way,  
He'll soon be after you and then.

ATKINS. What then.  
We'll have no rescues here my merry men.

RATTAN. Aaft the binnicle ! his cables cut  
And soon in limbo these 'ere swabs he'll put.

ATKINS. Ah ! mutineer ! the quid you once did throw  
I now throw back to you—a " quid pro quo."  
Bind 'em together, to this *brink*, just *bring* 'em,  
There's an *Abyss-in-here*, down it we'll fling 'em,  
Ah ! ah ! the sweets of power I understand  
I'm now sole monarch of this new-found-land.

*Enter KING KICKERABOO and Indians.*

KING. If you am king, den who the hang am I ?

ATKINS. Oh ! please I'm only joking:

KING. Cho-aking lie.

ATKINS. Hearing that you were running short of meat,  
Look what I've brought your majesty to eat.

KING. What ! all dese chaps to kill, and boil and bake,  
You're interests we'll see to.

POLLY. Ours are at stake. )  
Belay ye lubbers, on the loose you're caught,  
Henceforth I'll TEACH you how to keep *all taught* ;  
My Crusoe is not here, amongst the crew,  
I'm *fit to faint*, by jingo I'm brought to.

RATTAN. Pull in the mainmast, if we are here moored,  
This heart of oak would rather be aboard.

POLLY. I'll not *deceive you*, but from this *sea view*,  
I'll be a bird and fly—, but ah ! where to ?

ATKINS. Light of our lives, this honour's overpowering,  
Long may you *reign*, whilst favors thus you're *showering*.

POLLY. ( Traitor and renegade look out for squalls.

KING. Conduct these "wittles" to our palace walls,  
For this 'ere proof of your solicitude—  
We'll not show you *black ingratitude* ;  
If you can from a baby cut a rasher,  
We make you our head cook and bottle washer.

ATKINS. Oh ! my poor mother ! here's a sudden rise.  
Hereditary bondsmen ! mind ye er eyes.

*Air*—"Tommy Dodd."

ATKINS. I never had in all my life,  
So many ups and downs,  
But now I think I may begin  
To laugh at fortune's frowns ;  
Head bottle washer now am I,  
The notion may seem odd.  
If we object we'll have a fly,  
And go you Tommy Dodd.

CHORUS. We're always safe and sure to win,  
Tommy Dodd, Tommy Dodd,  
He is the boy to do it well,  
Tommy Dodd, Tommy Dodd.  
I go for heads and you cry tails,  
Tommy Dodd, Tommy Dodd.  
The game I play that never fails,  
Tommy Dodd, Tommy Dodd.

POLLY. Let all young girls take this advice  
When love has had its spree,  
Though over head and ears you pop,  
Pray don't get over sea ;  
A pretty fix I've got into,  
And all because I gave  
To my young man, my word I  
Should be for life his slave.

SPEAKS. Oh ! If I could only get back to the land of Green Ginger.

CHORUS. We're always safe, &c., &c.

[ALL DANCE OFF.]

# SCENE 6.—ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

*Air*—"The birds will come again." Published by Hopwood & Crew

CRUSOE. Sad tears are falling, home scenes recalling,  
Whilst thus I linger in peaceful slumber here ;  
Somebody's praying, this long delaying,  
May soon be ending, but when I cannot tell.  
Would I could home move,  
No more would I rove  
I would be joining  
In gladness thee again.

Oh ! when I started,  
 Gay and light hearted,  
 Soon did I think love  
 Thy face I'd see again.

CRUSOE. 'Tis eight and twenty years, the time's correct,  
 Since on this desert island I was wrecked ;  
 During that lengthened period, in this place  
 No human visitor has shown his face.  
 Friends and acquaintances have not "dropped in,"  
 And creditors don't dun me now for "tin."  
 Though monarch here, my subjects are but few,  
 The population of this isle is *two*.  
 Myself and Friday. Stay ! it should be known,  
 A parrot, dog, and goat, I also own. *J*  
 Oh ! Polly ! pretty Polly ! for thee I fret,  
 I wonder if my Poll's a spinster yet *J*

*Enter FRIDAY.*

CRUSOE. In this intelligible way, he states  
 That my repast for which I hunger waits.

[GOES INTO HUT.

*After some active business with the animals, Friday discovers a foot  
 print. He brings Crusoe out.*

CRUSOE. A footprint here ! oh ! here's a precious lark,  
 This *prints*, a *proof* the printer's made his mark,  
 You don't say so. Indians ! a likely story,  
 What right have they upon my territory ?  
 With cooking tackle too ! for their collation,  
 They're going to eat their surplus population. *J*  
 If they should come to pick a bone off me,  
 Tell 'em, I'm not at home and hide the key.

[THEY GO INTO HUT

*Enter KING KICKERABOO, PRINCE TOMMY DODD, and Indians with the  
 prisoners—POLLY, RATTAN, and FRIDAY'S FATHER.*

KING. Am all our guests dissembled ? here we meet 'em,  
 And here we bring dese slaves to cock and eat 'em  
 Where am dat Atkins ? dat chap skulk and shirk,  
 Wheneber dere's de slightest sign of work.

ATKINS *sneaks in.*

If you no do 'em work, you catch it, dere !  
 And now you go our banquet to prepare !

ATKINS. I get more kicks than ha'pence, but don't heed 'em  
 Hereditary bondsmen, this is freedom.



Oh ! my poor mother ! if she saw me now,  
 Would'nt the dear old gal kick up a row ;  
 My business is, as well as I am able,  
 To fatten captives for the royal table ;  
 My brother mutineers whom I loved so,  
 I had to feed and slaughter long ago ;  
 My other shipmates must be killed to-night,  
 On them he means to "Blow his royal kite."  
 Would'nt I like to get away, but no,  
 Hereditary bondsmen ! it's no go.

[DONKEY BOLTS.]

KING. Stop him ! don't let him go ! he gone by golly ;  
 Dat am too bad.

ATKINS. Come youngsters—what ! Miss Polly ?

POLLY. Yes, it's a fact, I never meant to do so,  
 Until the press gang took away my Crusoe ;  
 Jack Rattan here, has been my only friend.

RATTAN. Hoist up the anchor, give the jib a bend.

ATKINS. Still love Crusoe ! that girl has no shame in her.

KING. Get all your tooth picks ready, we'll have a dinner.

ATKINS. Just stop a bit ! my British monkey's up,  
 You shant en this 'ere lovely damsel sup,  
 It's Polly Mainbrace ! does'nt she look nice ?  
 She is the *mainbrace*, I would like to splice :  
 I have her now, she shan't escape, oh ! no !  
 Hereditary bondsmen ! "Not for Joe."

*Air.*—"Ten little niggers."

ATKINS. *Ten* little niggers coming here to dine,  
 One got into a stew, and then there were nine.

CRUSOE. *Nine* little niggers swore they would not wait,  
 One choaked himself with fat, and then there were eight

POLLY. *Eight* little niggers, just three from eleven,  
 Cooked one for luncheon, then there were seven.

KING. *Seven* little niggers, feeling in a fix,  
 One cut his little throat, then there were six.

PRINCE. *Six* little niggers being still alive,  
 One tried to eat himself then there were five.

KING. 1 little, 2 little, 3 little, 4 little, 5 little nigger boys.

CHORUS. 1 little, 2 little, &c.

KING. 6 little, 7 little, 8 little, 9 little, 10 little nigger boys.

CHORUS. 6 little, &c.

- PRINCE. *Five* little nigger boys, think there were more,  
One lost his little head, then there were four.
- KING. *Four* little niggers had some rum for tea,  
One got a little "tight," then there were three.
- POLLY. *Three* little niggers at each other flew,  
And tore one to pieces then there were two.
- ATKINS. *Two* little niggers finding eight were gone,  
One made a rapid bolt, then there was one.
- CRUSOE. *One* little nigger being all alone  
Blew himself to atoms, then there was none.
- KING. 1 little, 2 little, 3 little, 4 little 5 little nigger boys
- CHORUS. 1 little, 2 little, &c.
- KING. 6 little, 7 little, 8 little, 9 little, 10 little nigger boys.
- CHORUS. 6 little, &c.

*The prisoners escape into Crusoe's hut.*

- KING. (Hollo ! I say  
Our bill of fare am now all gone away.  
Let every one look out, if we can't pick up  
A tidy dinner, we will have a kick up.  
Attention ! right about face ! make ready,
- CRUSOE *appearing on top of the wall.* Will you ?  
If you advance another step, I'll kill you.
- CRUSOE. You won't be warned, but soon you will repent it,  
Take this among the lot of you, and say I sent it.  
*Fires gun. Friday and animals beat them off.*
- GRAND BALLET OF INDIAN SQUAWS.

#### SCENE 7.—INTERIOR OF CRUSOE'S HUT.

*Enter CRUSOE and POLLY.*

- CRUSOE. Oh ! Polly love, with joy I'm now transported.
- POLLY. Indeed ! *transported* ! so it was reported.  
I always found you open to conviction,  
But thought you would steer clear of *juris-diction*.
- CRUSOE. Don't talk like that, disturb not my tranquility,  
My life has been of strict respectability.  
I'm here against my will, that's understood ;  
But didn't leave my country "for its good."  
This isle is mine, the *soil* I've planted,  
A *husband-man*—a wife is all I wanted.

But first my Polly, dispel my only fear,  
You are not married to another dear.

POLLY. Oh, Robinson, my first and only mate,  
This *crooked* coin, on that point sets you straight.

CRUSOE. My own love token: the half she gave to me  
I spent in bacca once, when on the spree.

POLLY. With you torn from me, I could'nt stay  
So got this "rig out" and "stowed away"  
On board our ship I worked before the mast.

CRUSOE. Yes, I remember, you were rather fast.

POLLY. When you were left on board, the crew would not  
Allow me to remain and share your lot;  
Since then I've led a slave's life, but for you  
To-day I might have made "a meal for two"

CRUSOE. Oh, Polly, Polly, what a pleasure this is  
To think that after all you'll be my *missis*.

*Air*—"Captain Jinks."

CRUSOE. I'm not attached to the horse marines,  
Therefore know what this damsel means,  
The girl I loved when in my teens  
Has still the charms for me;  
Her heart I read, yes at a glance,  
At a glance, at a glance,  
Her heart I read, yes at a glance,  
She still had the power to charm me.

*Air*—"The Bells go a-ringing for Sarah."

CHORUS. The bells will soon ring for this pair, oh,  
This pair oh, but where oh.  
The bells will soon ring for this pair oh,  
This pair oh, on their wedding day.

POLLY. Though he's not attached to the horse marines,  
He has arrived beyond his teens  
And therefore knows what all this means,  
Like Captain Jinks in the army.  
His heart I read, yes at a glance,  
At a glance, at a glance,  
His heart I read, yes, at a glance,  
Like Captain Jinks in the army.

CHORUS. The bells will soon ring, &c., &c.

*Enter* FRIDAY and his father and monkey.

- CRUSOE. Friday, no more of this wild hanky, punky ;  
Your long seclusion, here, has turned you cranky.
- FATHER. Dis darkey, massa, am dis niggers babby,  
Him long lost piccaninny ! him so habby.
- CRUSOE. What's this I hear ? well, you surprise, me rather ;  
I always thought he never had a father.
- FATHER. Him fact ; and him big chief, till catchee  
By dat dam Kickeraboo, who always watchee ;  
Him watchee *now*, and soon that nigger try  
Cut massa's throat, all here, and kill 'um, die !
- CRUSOE. That's cheerful news ; and we can't cut our sticks.  
These Kings of Clubs are Knaves of many tricks ;  
I won't stand any nonsense, though. Come, Polly,  
They can't do more than eat us, so be jolly.  
Jack Rattan ! Jack ahoy !

*Enter RATTAN.*

- RATTAN. Keep her head steady,  
Close the lee scuppers, get your powder ready.
- POLLY. Oh, dear, oh, dear, that I this day should rue so,  
And after all, I shan't be Mrs. Crusoe.
- CRUSOE. Whilst we're palavering we might escape ;  
Huzza ! my *sloop* shall get us from this scrape,  
She launched and ready.
- FATHER. Massa, it low tide ;  
Till water get big drink. 'um better hide.
- CRUSOE. All right. I never thought of that, don't fear,  
The secret cave will give us shelter here.  
When it's dark, we'll embark, get on board so brisky, oh ;  
Then we'll sail, with the gale, from this bay so risky, oh,  
*Air*—"Johnny comes marching home."
- POLLY. Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep, she has, she has ;  
And she doesn't know where to find them—Alas ! Alas !  
But leave them alone, and they'll come home,  
And bring their tails behind them,  
With their tails behind, so jolly come marching home.
- CHORUS.—With their tails, &c.
- CRUSOE. When handsome boy blue comes blowing his horn,  
So shrill, so shrill,  
The sheep in the meadows shall have of corn  
Their fill, their fill.

But if little Bo-peep will her pretty eyes keep  
 Upon her blue boy, she will lose all her sheep,  
 They'll without their tails so bonny come marching home.

CHORUS.—They'll without their tails, &c

*They go off.*

ATKINS *appears watching them.*

ATKINS. Just like my luck, I'm always sent before,  
 In case the dog should be behind the door;  
 But I'll go on, as Polly's somewhere near,  
 That girl from this place I soon mean to clear;  
 And now that I am here in Crusoe's lair,  
 In sotto voce, I'll just say beware. )

*Air*—"Oh! what an unfortunate humbug am I."

Oh! what an unfortunate humbug am I;  
 A two legged lie, I wish I may die,  
 If I have as much blood as a blue bottle fly;  
 For a most unmistakable coward I am,  
 With the heart of a lamb, a regular sham,  
 If the folks with my courage I manage to cram,  
 So they hurry me, worry me, fidget and flurry me,  
 Send me wherever most danger is nigh;  
 Oh! what an unfortunate humbug am I.  
 I've managed as yet to keep within my primitive skin,  
 And glory to win, by bragging of fights I never was in,  
 And yet in continual fear I abide  
 That the lion like hide, from my shoulders should glide,  
 And discover the pitiful donkey inside;  
 All jeer at me, sneer at me, from far and near, at me,  
 Thus I am ever more fated to cry—  
 Oh! what an unfortunate humbug am I.

#### SCENE 8.—SECRET CAVE IN THE ROCK.

*Enter POLLY, RATTAN, and CRUSOE.*

CRUSOE. This isn't quite the palace love has painted,  
 But it's a cell with which few are acquainted,  
 Don't cry like that, we're waiting for high water,  
 But this *eye watre's* quite another sorter,  
 Keep up your "pecker" we'll soon "cut our lucky,"  
 In this low cave, don't cry *peccavi* ducky.

POLLY. Oh, Crusoe, Crusoe, here's a pretty go;  
 I never thought we should be brought so low,  
 Here dark and damp, this cheerless situation  
 Reminds me of our gloomy railway station. )



*Air—"Up in a balloon."*

Shooting of the moon, shooting of the moon,  
People not particular think it quite a boon,  
Shooting of the moon, shooting of the moon,  
It's sometimes awful folly shooting of the moon.

*Enter KING.*

KING. ( How dare 'um white slaves kick up 'um heels like dat,  
Me give no license for such hops, dat's flat,  
Ah, missee, me now know you're lady, so  
Wid dis black fellow from dis place you go,

POLLY. Stand off! you black guard. Kick this chap down stairs,  
How dare he give himself such nigger airs:

KING. Rebellious slaves, our royal head you've punched,  
For dis, we settle your hash 'fore we've lunched.

*Enter ATKINS and Indians.*

KING. Dis child am now de massa over you,  
Him cock of walk and him can crow here too.

CRUSOE. This crew so vile, will Crusoe not dismay,  
Polly my love, cheer up and let's be gay.

ATKINS. As I was just remarking I'm a bad 'un,  
'Twas Polly here that made my life a sad 'un!  
I fell in love, we had some jolly "blows out"  
Until this Crusoe came and put my nose out.  
Now see what I've become, what trade I ply,  
I'm wretched, you know the reason why;  
Called me a renegade, a iraitor, noodle,  
Hereditary bondsmen, cock-a-doddle.

KING. How dare him crow like game cock 'fore this child?  
Take that, and 'fore him subberin draw it mild,  
And now let everybody seize and bind 'em,  
If they make row or kick up noise don't mind 'em.

CRUSOE. This bully shall not cow me.

POLLY. Let us cease,  
He's only binding us to keep the peace.

*The Spirit of ADVENTURE appears.*

ADVENTURE. A moment pray, once more I must request—  
That you release these prisoners!

KING. You be blest.

ATKINS. It's all up with this monarch, so cast down  
That *sovereign's* bad, and not worth a *crown* ;  
What's to become of an old offender?  
Hereditary bondsmen ! I surrender.

ADVENTURE. I am the Spirit of Adventure.

KING. You !  
Den dis child no more cock-a-doodle-do !

ADVENTURE. And here is one to whom you owe much loyalty,  
You are now in the presence of true royalty.

*Enter QUEEN and ENTERPRISE.*

QUEEN. Crusoe my boy, you've had a long spell here,  
You're growing tired of the place I fear.

CRUSOE. Not so ! this place again I fain would see,  
I hope the place will not grow tired of me.

QUEEN. Your perils and adventures will have earned  
The notoriety for which you yearned ;  
And Crusoe's life, although a mere tradition,  
Shall prove a healthy spur to young ambition. )  
A scene of bright enchantment we'll create,  
Its first appearance here I beg to state :  
The mighty genii HALLEY, too shall rush  
To aid us with his pencil, brain, and brush ;  
And VILLIERS, master of this magic art,  
Shall in this business like a meteor dart  
The active HALL, too, not to be outdone  
Will go *ahead* to gain our piece a *run* ;  
And FIELDER *noting* what he is about,  
Will make a *score* before you bowl him out.  
( We'll change the scene, our fairy court awaits you,  
On your escape, they would congratulate you ;  
Let all good boys who for adventures yearn,  
A lesson from the life of Crusoe learn.  
With perseverance, energy and pluck,  
A man is never down upon his luck.  
In other scenes and trials for a year,  
Crusoe and Polly here, are to appear,

To keep the game up at this festive time,  
As Harlequin and graceful Columbine ;  
Whilst Atkins and King Kickeraboo shall lend——

*Spirit of MISCHIEF suddenly appears.*

MISCHIEF. Excuse me, if you please, *I am their friend.*  
Mischief has not in this game had her way,  
But she has yet a card or two to play.)  
You my friend—

KING. What do you say to dis coon.

MISCHIEF. You now shall play the part of Pantaloon.)  
William, my boy, shall try to circumvent you  
Appear as Clown and say I sent you. )

ADVENTURE. Our piece is ended, make good Christmas pies of it.  
Let all be jolly—

CLOWN. That's about the size of it.

### GRAND TRANSFORMATION.

Clown, Mr WM. HARVEY      Columbine, Miss ELLEN WOOD  
Harlequin, Mr GEO. FRENCH      Harlequina, Miss LOUISA PAGE  
Pantaloon, Mr P. ABBOTT

Acting Manager & Treasurer, Mr. E. CLINTON HALL.





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